

beth, do not repulse me! The mysterious protector who watches over me must have a kindly heart; he will not refuse to you the same asylum which he has afforded to me, who never demanded it. Come, Elizabeth! I conjure you in the name of your dear relative who smiled upon our love! Reject not the prayer of your friend, your brother—your husband!"

A violent struggle agitated the soul of the young Countess; her breast heaved convulsively, and her limbs trembled like an aspen. At last she let her hand fall into that of De Croissi, and murmured in a tone so feeble as to be scarcely audible:

"Let us go, then, Fabian! and Heaven pardon me if I do wrong."

The young man scarcely dared to believe his good fortune; but the danger of their situation did not permit him to give vent to the transport of this unexpected joy. He turned to his two companions, and said to them with a trembling voice:

"We follow you, gentlemen! Oh! I would not now for worlds fall into their hands!"

"But, Monsieur de Croissi, interposed Boniface, "this young lady—"

"She is persecuted, as I myself am; will you refuse her your assistance?"

"But still—"

"Would you rather have me remain here?"

"No! but if you only knew—"

"Let us away!" interrupted Fabian eagerly; "I hear footsteps approaching; " and he drew Elizabeth along the corridor.

It was time for the small party to quit the corridor; for scarcely had they gained a staircase which led towards the lower story, when the echo of foot-falls close at hand, caused them to pause, lest the noise of their movement should betray them. They therefore drew up to the wall, silent and motionless.

It was the Queen, who was returning to her apartments, preceded by a single domestic, who bore a torch before her. She slowly traversed the gallery, and the fugitives, concealed in the shade, could see her pass by, pale, worn-out, and borne down under the weight of the political anxieties which occupied her mind, day and night.

When the reflection of the torch carried by the attendant had disappeared round the angle of the corridor, and the echo of their footsteps was lost in the silence of night, the fugitives again moved on, through a seemingly inextricable labyrinth of stairs and passages, amid which reigned the most profound silence.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDAL PRAYER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Father! I pray

That he to whom my heart's fond vow is given,
May tread the way
Whose goal at last is Life with Thee, in heaven.

When youth, all smiles,
Gladdens his pathway, oh! be Thou his shield!
Amid the wiles

Which tempt to wrong—suffer him not to yield.

Oh! may Thy will

Be ever unto him a guide and guard!

Be with him still,

Nor let his life with sin be stained and marred.

Thou, throned above!

Fountain of all that's pure within the heart,

Oh! bless the love

Which of our being hath become a part!

'Mid the deep joy

Which Thou with bounteous hand on us hast poured,

May we employ

Our lives in worship deep.—Be Thou adored!

Thou who dost read

Thy servants' hearts, like as an open scroll,

Thou know'st our need

Of aid from Thee,—Oh! purify our soul!

Blessed are they

Who, bound in wedded love, are blest of Thee—

Oh, God! I pray

That Thou may'st will that such our lot may be.

But if it seem

Meet unto Thee to lay on us Thy rod,

'Mid life's bright dream—

Suffer us not to fall from Thee, Oh, God!

Teach us to live

So that when life is o'er, we may lay down

What earth doth give,

Joying to share with Thee Thy radiant crown.

Where angels dwell,

Around thy throne, there may our dwelling be,

The hymn to swell

Which the unwearying host sing unto Thee!